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A Remance of the Franco-Prussian Death Grapple

By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE Author of "THE SHIP OF CORAL," Bic.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV (Continued.) The Death of Vogel.

HEN we went out to the carriages and drove away. Presently from the torchman running ahead of us

Von der Goltz sprang up on the

CHAPTER V. We Return Home.

that I was to accompany my father on a call upon the Duc de Morny, all-powerful adviser of our Emperor, Napoleon III. (some said his half-brother).

we heard a cry as of tam- full General's uniform, very gorgeous, At a quarter to 10 my father, in wearing his medals and the cross, ap-

didn't seem to care. He spoke enly once again: "Hahn!"
"I am listening."
The wind in the pine trees and the fox in the wood and the slobbering of the torches filled the slience.
"I am listening."
"He is dead," said Von der Goltz.

easy stages we returned to Paris. On the morning after our arrival Joubert awakened me with the news

And then, just us a man speaks who is helf reviewed and wants to drop arises; and the first pour of the first pour of the first pour to find the continue of the continue of the first pour to find the continue of the continue of the first pour to find the continue of the continue of the first pour to find the first pour the first pour to find the first pour the first pour to find the first pour the first po



NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE NOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD THE TIME LOCI

By CHARLES E. WALK

CHAPTER VIII.

Nine Years Later.

HE death of my father cast me into an entirely new life.

Any one less fitting than the vicomte Armand de Chatellan to be the guardian of the sent couched by premature old age in the tellan to be the guardian of the sent couched by premature old age in the final first sight. But my father wand into a girl of eighteen, laughing and joyous.

This gorgeous old night moth of the Second Empire, this frequenter of Tortoni's and the Cafe de Paris—aiwaye hard up with an income of 200,-000 francs a year—was a man of rigid honor in his way.

Left sole and irresponsible guardian of me and my money, he shuffled out of his difficulties and bothers by

and joyous.

I pointed her out to a passing grisette and asked who she might be. The grisette answered lightly:

"Oh, that doli with the yellow hair? Know her name? Why, the whole quarter knows her name. Marie—what's this it is? She's a model at Cardillac's. A brandy for me, with some ice in it. Hurry up? There's of his difficulties and bothers by

of his difficulties and bothers by Later in the evening I met Marie.

Jacked her to sup with me at a nearplacing the latter in the funds and by restaurant. She accepted, hunthe former in the Bourdaloue College grily.

—that same college of the Jesuit I ordered everything that the place could supply, and I watched her as she ate.

gravel pit, treacherously doctors; the bushes at I shall never fraget my first night. There we stood, facing each other they told me afterward of the Vicenite Armand de Chateline, in the glare of a rafe, with the rear by father a touch on the Salures of the Sould Miche around us, each other lie was stunned condition my cries for I has acres seen him before. He Then Practice laughed at the ac-

was not, indeed, a sight to come often in a child's way, this flower of the wrong. boulevards, seventy, if a day; scented, exquisite, with a large impassive, said he. "And, more; once, when you revenly colored red face, the face of made a movement as if to go, he a Roman consul, in which were set the blue eyes of a good-tempered in the blue eyes of a good-tempered in the night shirt—so"—and he plucked my coat—"as if to hold you back, to keep you there illatening to the pavements of Paris only once a year for a three weeks' visit to his estates in Auvergne, had travelled express invitation to a student ball. There

ning World sent to your summer address.